Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.
Ro. Thou canst not speake of that thou dost not feele,
Wert thou as young as I, *Iuliet* thy loue,
An hour but married, *Tibalt* murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightest thou speake,
Then mightest thou teare thy hayre,
And fall vpon the ground as I do now,
Taking the measure of an vnmade graue.

Enter Nurse, and knockes.

Fri. Arise one knocks, good *Romeo* hide thy selfe,
Ro. Not I, vnlesse the breath of hartsicke grones
Mist-like infold me from the search of eyes.

They knocke.

Fri. Harke how they knocke (whose there) *Romeo* arise,
Thou wilt be taken, stay a while, stand vp,

Stud knocke.

Run to my study by and by, Gods will
What simplenesse is this: I come, I come.

Knocke.

Who knocks so hard: whence come you: whats your will?

Enter Nurse.

Nur. Let me come in, and you shall know my errant:
I come from Lady *Iuliet.*
Fri. Welcome then,
Nur. O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,
Whe res my Ladies Lord, wheres *Romeo*,
Fri. There on the ground,
With his owne teares made drunke.
Nur. O he is euen in my Mistresse case,
Iust in her case. O woefull simpathy:
Pitious predicament, euen so lies she,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,
Sta nd vp, stand vp, stand and yo u be a man,
For *Iuliets* sake, for her sake rise and stand:
VVhy should you fall into so deepe an O:
Rom. Nurse.

Nur. Ah

Nur. Ah sir, ah sir, deaths the end of all.
Ro. Spakest thou of *Iuliet*? how is it with her?
Doth not she thinke me an old murtherer,
Now I haue staind the childhood of our ioy,
VVith blood remoued, but little from her owne?
VVhere is she: and how doth she: and what sayes
My conceald Lady to our canceld loue?
Nur. Oh she sayes nothing sir, but weeps and weeps,
And now fals on her bed, and then starts vp,
And *Tybalt* calls, and then on *Romeo* cries,
And then downe falls againe.
Ro. As if that name shot from the deadly leuell of a gun,
Did murther her, as that names cursed hand
Murdred her kinsman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomie
Doth my name lodge: Tell me, that I may sacke
The hatefull mansion.
Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man: thy forme cries out thou art:
Thy teares are womanish, thy wild acts deuote
The vnreasonable furie of a beast:
Vnseemely woman in a seeming man,
And ill beseeming beast in seeming both,
Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temperd.
Hast thou slaine *Tybalt*: wilt thou slay thy selfe:
And slay thy Lady, that in thy life lies,
By doing damned hate vpon thy selfe:
VVhy raylest thou on thy birth: the heauen and earth:
Since birth, and heauen and earth, all three doe meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst loose.
Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy loue, thy wit,
Which like a Vsurer aboundst in all:
And vsest none in that true vse indeed,
VVhich should bedecke thy shape, thy loue, thy wit:
Thy noble shape, is but a forme of waxe,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22324) LONDON, 1609 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.26) Octavo